CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

The suite allotted me was at the end of a gloomy corridor. I threw open one of the narrow windows. The noisy stream below, beating futilely against the walls, almost deafened the voice of the servant as he asked if he could be of assistance to me. I looked out. There was a sheer drop of some 50 feet.

That fact vaguely disconcerted me. The words of Dr. Starva were a jarring note that sobered my excitement. When I had dressed I was almost prepared to find the massive door of my chamber locked or barred. I had entered the spider's web audaciously enough. To escape might be less simple.

The dinner was simply but well served in a small dining-room. Had my situation been less serious I might have felt some humor at the elaborate deference shown me by my companions for the benefit of the two servants who waited on us. Even Dr. Starva followed the lead of Madame de Varnier in solemn if cynical obedience.

But did Madame de Varnier believe me so complaisant a fool, that, like another Bottom, I was expected in this modern Midsummer Night's Dream to accept this deference without question? I became more and more convinced that she did not. Once she even referred to the events of the night before in such a manner that I believed her not ignorant of my true condition. If she were persuaded that I had been acting a part then, that would account for her confidence in expecting me to continue acting that part. It would give her encouragement that I was the willing tool she looked for.

And suppose that she really believed that, did she think that I expected no reward? She had hinted that in serving her ends I was to serve myself as well. But Madame de Varnier was not the kind of woman to believe that a man would be allured by a promise so vague. Then the reward?

She had protested that she had not expected me to fall in love with her. She had protested that, but in the same breath she had confessed a half-resolve to bring me to her feet. Now as she exerted every charm of coquetry she was giving the lie to her own words. Oh, the reward was obvious enough, if I chose to take it.

"We will smoke our cigarettes in my favorite music room. You must hear Dr. Starva play on the 'cello. You have had the piano carefully tuned, Jacques?"

"All is in readiness," replied the servant, as he preceded us with candles.

Dr. Starva had pushed back his chair eagerly. For the first time since I had met him his face lost something of its heavy sullen expression.

"My fingers have not the practice," he said modestly, "but to play with Madame de Varnier—ah, that is worth while."

We were in the music room that Madame de Varnier had described to me so enthusiastically the day before.

Dimly lighted with wax candles, paneled in dark oak to the ceiling, the floor waxed and polished to a dazzling luster, it was a room almost bare, but it had its melancholy charm. There was little furniture. At one end of the room was a row of carved seats built into the wall. There were no pictures or tapestries. The one touch of color was the vivid flame of blazing logs.

"The strife of the world, its lies and its shams, I leave behind when I enter here," said Madame de Varnier sentimentally. "Look, I throw open this casement. The noisy Aare drowns my voice. Beyond, you see the moonlight on the valleys, and still beyond, the mountains. This is your seat. Once this was a chapel, in these carved seats the monks chanted vespers; in the seat of honor which you occupy drowsed the father superior. When you hear the enchanting melodies of Dr. Starva you will not have lived in vain."

This hour at least was innocent. Perhaps it was the lull before the storm, but why should I look for clouds when the heavens were clear?

The long, darkly paneled room, its shining floor seeming to rise and fall mysteriously in the flickering firelight, the noisy murmur of the stream below, the white moonlight that struggled feebly through the casement windows—all had its charm. And these two adventurers, unscrupulous and conscienceless, had abandoned themselves for the moment to the joy of their music.

I looked over toward Madame de Varnier. The shaded light of the candles fell on her white shoulders. The splendor of her beauty had never seemed more seductive.

I asked myself incredulously if this dreaming woman was the desperate adventuress whom Locke had warned me against.

Slowly she looked where I sat; I seemed to draw her eyes toward me. She smiled vaguely, a smile that was adorable—yes, I could almost persuade myself that it was the smile of an innocent girl. For a moment I was content to forget the unpleasant task that was before me; to invest even the monster by her side in the garb of humanity.

The servant who had shown me to my rooms appeared at the door, letters on his salver. I held up my hand warningly to him that he should not disturb them, and motioned that he bring the letters to me. He did so without either of the musicians noticing his entrance.

The sonata of Beethoven swept to its glorious climax. I started to my feet to take the letters to Madame de Varnier.

But without a pause Dr. Starva began a tender romance. The woman sat at the piano, her hands falling idly to her lap.

Again she smiled across the room at me. But now it was no longer spontaneous. The lips held something of that indefinable cruelty of that woman of the Renaissance made famous by Da Vinci. I frowned; I refused to meet that smile.

Then, as I looked down deliberately, I felt myself turn pale. A shudder convulsed me.

I was gazing in horror at an envelope that bore the interdicted stamp of Bulgaria, the death-mask.

His Hairy Hand Closed Over the Letter.

Did she know the ghastly significance of that double stamp? Was she one of the desperate band that had doomed Ferdinand?

I resolved to play a hazardous experiment. I would thrust that stamp under her eyes without warning. Consummate actress though she was, she would find it difficult to repress a tremor if she were guilty.

Dr. Starva's head was still bent lovingly over his 'cello. I reached the piano without disturbing him.

I placed the letters in front of Madame de Varnier, the envelope that bore the death-mask on the top of the little pile. I watched her closely.

She took the letters carelessly in her hands. The stamp at once arrested her attention. She regarded it with a frank curiosity. She even called my attention to it.

"It is one of the new issue," she whispered, so as not to disturb Dr. Starva, and continued to sort her letters.

I was almost convinced of her innocence, but not quite. I had yet my experiment to play.

She had opened one of the letters and was engrossed in its contents. As for Dr. Starva, he was lost to the world.

I took the envelope that bore the mysterious symbol, and placing it in such a manner that the death-mask could be most easily seen by the woman, I began to trace the likeness of Prince Ferdinand, meanwhile watching her intently.

Her letter was short. Its meaning had excited her strangely. For some time she was regardless of my action. But presently she followed the motions of my pencil as I traced the eyes closed in death, the drooping mouth, and the gaping wound.

Still my pencil moved slowly but carefully over the features of the doomed prince. I began to think I must be more explicit after all.

And then her hands fell lifeless on the keys. The crash echoed discordantly in the empty room. Dr. Starva looked up in angry surprise. Madame de Varnier had fainted.

Dr. Starva shuffled rapidly to her side; he shook her shoulder.

"Sophie! Sophie!" he cried, and then he saw the letter and its stamp.

His face was suddenly distorted. His harry hand closed over the letter. She held it rigid even in her unconsciousness. He unbent her jeweled fingers with cruel strength. Now he looked at me with the suspicion and hate of a savage beast brought to bay.

"How much do you know?" his blazing eyes asked. "And if I do know?" mine answered.

Slowly Madame de Varnier opened her eyes. Equally anxious, Starva and myself watched her recover consciousness.

I was quite convinced now that she had not been aware of the significance of that stamp. The horror that had deprived her of her reason for the time being proved that. The fierce haste with which Dr. Starva had snatched the letter from her lifeless hand and had concealed it, bore out my conviction. Then if my surmises were correct, would she communicate to Dr. Starva her newly acquired knowledge?

"It was the heat, I think, and the fatigue of the journey," were the first words she spoke. I heard them with relief. Beyond question she wished to conceal from Starva that she had seen the death-mask.

Whether he was satisfied with her reasons was less certain. He paced the length of the room, his head bent in thought; his intertwined fingers, moving agitatedly, betrayed his concern. Madame de Varnier carefully avoided my gaze and played idly. But I noticed that if Dr. Starva had been enraged that she had seen the letter with its death-mask, Madame de Varnier was anxious that he should not know of the existence of the letter that had excited her. It had fallen to the floor. When his back was turned she had stooped swiftly and placed it in the bosom of her dress.

Was the letter she was so careful to hide from him merely personal? Or was its message of moment? If so, if it were concerned with the strange game these two were playing, it meant that either mistrusted the other.

I welcomed such a possibility. That fact might simplify my own action. At least it showed that Madame de Varnier was not abjectly the creature of this infamous scoundrel.

The strained situation was happily relieved by the entrance of the servant who had brought in the letters. Instinctively the three of us assumed a certain unconcern, as is the manner of the world before servants.

He brought a card to Madame de Varnier. She took it from the salver quietly, but her hand trembled as she read the name engraved on it.

We had all twice heard that name before. Its crisp, Anglo-Saxon nomenclature gave one the impression of a strong, dogged personality that pursued, and yet pursued.

"Captain Reginald Forbes!"

That was the name she read in a low voice.

CHAPTER XVII.

Captain Forbes Intrudes.

There was a silence lasting several seconds. Panic was written on both their faces. Evidently they had looked for no such intrusion as this—above all for no visitor so inconvenient as the king's messenger. They had confidently counted on a clear field for the execution of their plans. That they should have been traced to the chateau so easily and so quickly threw them into consternation. Dr. Starva was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"Whom does he wish to see this time?" he demanded harshly.

"He asks for his Excellency, the English ambassador," replied the servant, looking at me askance. "But if he is engaged, or not well, he is anxious to speak with madam."

At first I was surprised that the man had not brought the card directly to myself. It was strange that he should ignore me if he had been given to understand that I was Sir Mortimer. But if he were in the confidence of Madame de Varnier he would do precisely that.

Frankly, the coming of Captain Forbes at this time was a surprise scarcely less disagreeable for me than for them. To-morrow, or the day after, he would have been perhaps only too welcome. But now the intrusion was premature. It interfered with my own plans as well as theirs.

More than that, I could have wished myself in a position to forewarn him, to explain my tactics. It looked as if I were again in danger of being caught red-handed in a criminal deception. More than ever would Captain Forbes be convinced that I was one of the conspirators if he discovered at this moment that I was not Sir Mortimer.

The man and woman conversed together excitedly in a barbaric tongue. Dr. Starva, it was evident, was vehemently advocating some plan; Madame de Varnier opposing it. But the shock to which she had been subjected previous to the coming of Captain Forbes had left her unstrung, almost apathetic. Hitherto the man had been sulkily subservient to the woman; now his animal strength fought for the ascendency. He was brushing away her agitated protests. It was he who commanded the servant:

"Show this Captain Forbes to the armory. I shall see him myself."

Again he spoke fiercely to Madame de Varnier. She listened to him in silence, her eyes cast down. He strode to the door, stood there a moment hesitating, then left the room, shutting the door behind him.

Madame de Varnier remained where he had left her, trembling violently, her hands covering her face. This was my opportunity to appeal to the woman, and not the adventuress. I took her unresisting hand and led her to one of the carved seats.

"Madame de Varnier, it is a desperate game you are playing," I said, sternly yet gently. "I don't know what the stakes are, but you are not going to win them."

A white hand clung to my coat sleeve. "Why do you say that?" she cried, staring at me with affrighted eyes.

I pointed silently to the card she still held in her hand.

"There is one factor to be reckoned with."

She tossed her head in defiance. "Dr. Starva has reckoned with him already, my friend. Perhaps not in the best way, but effectually at least. And the other?"

"Well, there is myself."

She smiled on me wanly. "If you were an enemy that might be more serious, I admit. But I have reckoned with you. You are to be my friend. You are to help me."

"That remains to be seen. But the third and most serious factor is treachery," I added quietly.

"My God! Treachery!"

"Do you trust Dr. Starva absolutely? Dare you tell me that the death-mask had as little meaning for him as for you, until I showed you that significance?"

"But you understood its meaning as well as he. Who are you that you should have this knowledge?"

"I know, perhaps, more than you think, Madame de Varnier."

"It is incredible," she cried passionately, "that I, the Countess Sarahoff, should be in the dark, while an American tourist—"

The name had slipped out in her anger; she bit her lips.

"Oh, you need feel no consternation. I might have called you by that name several hours ago."

"Since you know so much," she said in bitter disgust, "perhaps you know the service I expect to ask of you."

"I might make a shrewd guess at even that."

She sank back, her fingers interlocked supporting her head. She remained some time in gloomy thought.

Suddenly a door slammed. I heard a faint shout; a tramping of feet. Then there was quiet again. I glanced at my companion. She was listening intently, her hands clutching the carved arms of the seat.

"Bah, I think I am a hysterical schoolgirl." She shrugged her shoulders in self-contempt. "Say that you know everything, monsieur, so much the better. It will save the trouble of explaining on the morrow. For I shall go on with my plan. There is danger, yes; but I have expected danger. It is too late to retreat. I have risked all on a single throw. I shall win. Say that there is treachery—I shall know how to deal with it. He is not indispensable. Yes, my friend, I have a plan that cannot fail."

"You are mistaken," I said obstinately. "Your plan will fail because, if Dr. Starva is not necessary to its success, I am. And I—"

"You will perform the service I shall ask of you. I hope, I trust, that you will do this service gladly. Not for myself, perhaps, but that you may bring happiness and peace to a down-trodden people."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Age does not make us childish, as some say; it finds us true children.—Goethe.

UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices of the OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to W. M. PIGGOTT, Editor. 158 Twenty-fifth Street.

Some slight complaints have been made to this office relative to some unions receiving more notice than others. Every union receives notice according to the information they furnish. We don't know what to say, or what you want said, unless you furnish the data. If you haven't the time to write, just furnish the news and we will do the rest. You will find our office at 375 Twenty-fourth street now. We would be pleased for you to call and talk over matters of interest, and you may be assured of proper notice.

LABOR EDITOR.

Don't be a sluggard; get busy. If your union is not what you think it ought to be, remember it is just as good as the members composing it.

Would you like to see a "full house"? Then answer "present" at roll call.

John Billings often spoke to a "pact" house—the kind that is often found at union meetings.

The man who does not "live" his obligation is a liar of the worst kind.

If we want men free, if we want men self-sustaining, self-respecting, we must have a just civilization. We should have learned that a bad tree can not bear good fruit. If we have a civilization based on equality, fraternity, liberty, then common life will supply its wants; it will build its own libraries and museums; it will do away with that monstrous habit of endowing institutions with the stolen fruits of a fellowman's labor.—George D. Herron.

Organization is life, not alone to the toiling masses, but to all things on earth. Even the lower animals have sufficient instinct to band together for mutual protection. Man, the higher animal, in many instances, also realizes the need of combination with his fellowmen for his self-protection. Remember, I say some men have that intelligence, but right here a thought occurs: Who ever saw a dumb brute scabbing on his mates?

When the animals herd together for mutual protection, one or a dozen or more do not find fault with the leadership and seek to injure the whole herd because of their petty foolishness; far from it. They fight a united battle until it is won, and then, and then only, do they separate. How many, many barbers are there who can take a lesson from the lower animals? Were the barbers of North America to realize the superiority of the dumb brute in matters of combining for mutual benefit, our membership would be doubled tomorrow.

CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.

We said, in a former article, something to the effect that "as a rule, the most skillful, most conscientious and most to be depended upon artisans are members of the various unions." The above statement has been greatly strengthened by a news item, based upon an investigation made into the cause of so many fatalities in the building of Blackwells Island bridge, and of the Chelsea docks, by a committee of the Central Federated Union. We want to emphasize the statement that union men are more to be depended upon in all kinds of labor, especially so when the work is of a hazardous nature. The news item follows:

"Fifty-five men have been killed in building the new Blackwells Island bridge over the East river, according to a report of the committee of Central Federated Union appointed to ascertain the fatalities in that work. The committee also found that fifteen workmen have suffered death in the Chelsea docks improvements. The union workman who investigated the subject said that city inspectors tried to conceal the loss of life, which the union men attribute to the employment of non-union men, inexperienced in work at lofty heights, and to the absence of proper precautions. The investigators declared that no life has been lost in building the new Manhattan bridge, where union labor is employed."

LOT OF THE STRIKEBREAKER

Sometimes we are hardhearted enough to say harsh things about the individual who, for a few paltry dollars, can be purchased to work against the best interests of those who toil—to even threaten harm to the man commonly known as a "strikebreaker." We meet the common "scab"—the man who for a few cents less per day would steal employment from a fellow workman, when he can not advance a single sane reason why he should not receive the same compensation as the union man—with silent contempt.

But we cannot find words severe enough with which to arraign the man who will sell his honor and all that a man should hold dear in this life, for a mere "mess of pottage;" though he may tell you that he is receiving a splendid salary. But as badly as we may despise such a man, and as deserving as they may be of all the invectives that can be heaped upon them, yet, when we contemplate their condition in life, and the sorrow and the degradation at the end of it, and the heritage they must know they are leaving to their families, we can afford to be a little charitable, and express, at least, a little sorrow for the poor misguided soul, for it is "divine to forgive." An extremely sad case of "the strikebreaker" comes to us through a recent issue of the Iron Moulder's Journal. Joseph La Fleur, commonly known as "Gunpowder Joe," committed suicide recently by drowning in a canal at Dayton, Ohio. La Flem had a national reputation as a strikebreaker in the iron moulding industry, and was much sought after by the anti-union employers, who were willing to pay him from $8 to 10 per day to do their dirty work for them. It may also be said that the violence of his death was in keeping with that of his life; for he was surely the cause of a worse calamity than suicide being visited upon many heartgroken wives and defenseless children—a living death. Commenting on La Fleur's terrible end, Bro. Frey, editor of the Iron Moulder's Journal, says:

"For many years he was to be found where molders were on strike, plying his profession, and selling his manhood for the few dollars offered. Spunned by his former friends, his only associates became those who, like himself, sought to secure an easier livelihood by following the Hessians' calling. The larger wages secured under these conditions were squandered in living the life of the mercenary, and the excitement of the strike, the lift behind the stockade, replaced the home with its comforts and the respect of his neighbors.

"When old age began to make its inroads, and the life he had led commenced to tell upon his vitality, no friends except those of the cup stood by to assist him. He gave up friends, gave up family and gave up manhood for a few paltry dollars, to be buried at last in the potters' field.

"There is another side of the picture well worth looking at. This unfortunate was known to the foundrymen wherever there had been a prominent strike during the past decade. He was one of those whose servicees were considered of great value when the foundrymen had entered into a struggle with the union molders. Time and again have they paid his fare from one part of the country to the other and given him higher wages than the molders had struck for. He became a most valuable man to them, and yet when the end came, so little did they respect him that his body was allowed to go to the pauper's grave.

"At the time of his death he was plying his profession as a strike-breaker, yet his very associates paid no attention to his remains. No one came to see that the body was properly laid to rest, not token of respect or of friend said was laid upon the rough pine coffin, no shop collection was taken up for the widow, evidently no one cared. He had shaped his life by disregarding the interests of his fellow men, he had sold his principle to the highest bidder, and while his services may have been valuable to the foundrymen, for the man his employers had no respect.

"What did he gain?"

LABOR NEEDS FAITH IN ITSELF

Labor unions in the years agone have made many mistakes, and you will find that no people are more ready to acknowledge those mistakes than the members of these same unions. Because we have made mistakes in the past we have every reason not to make those same mistakes in the future, and I believe they will not be made. Labor needs more abiding faith in itself and in the people with whom it deals. Until it has this faith it will be able to accomplish nothing which makes for the progression of its cause. We must trust each other and trust the people all over the world to help us in our righteous cause. If the people once realize that we have faith in them they will come to our aid and we will win in the end. When this great problem is solved it will be solved by the wage earners, and it is for us, the adherents of unionism, to bring about a closer relation among the wage earners of the world.—President Huber, Brotherhood of Carpenters.

Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Herrick Avenue.

Editorial Committee: KATE S. HILLIARD. E. A. BATTELL. ROY E. SOUTHWICK.

"A noble spectacle and one well worthy of meditation, is that of the attempts made in the different ages of the world, to ameliorate the physical and moral condition of man. . . . Never does humanity rest; one experiment immediately succeeds another, and we advance through evolutions toward unknown destinies."—Blanqui.

EIGHT HOURS IN AUSTRIA

Special Correspondence.

Brisbane, N. S. W., Dec. 10.—In spite of the supposed eight hour law here, the eight hour day is not universal in Australia; only a section of the workers enjoy it. Thousands work any hours the bosses provide for. Little children in the country districts of New South Wales have only four hours' sleep and their little lives ground out of them for profits.

At Sydney an eight hour day parade was held recently. The following cutting from a Sydney daily, describing the procession, is pathetic, no matter how one may look at it:

"As usual, the bakers were well to the front in merit. Six horses drew a model bakery on one lorry, which was coupled to another bearing a trough and working bench. Here bakers were at work kneading dough and fashioning buns and rolls, while the oven was looked after by other operatives. Another lorry carried a lot of youngsters, clothed in bakers' aprons and caps. The side of the vehicle bore the announcement, 'Our Fathers are Trade Unionists.' A model baker's drawn by small boys bore the appeal 'Assist our Dads to get a day's work.' As a contrast, there followed, after the long line of operatives who, clothed in white, marched carrying fancy bread of artistic design a shabby turn-out with a label stating, 'Loyalists, and not Unionists, employed at this bakery.'"

Logical enough. A true picture of the hopelessness of craf methods and the enslavement of the wage workers. The bakers bake our daily bread, the bosses own the bread and sell it at a profit. "Help our Dads to get a day's work." Just think of it!

Altogether the parade, despite the emblems and symbols, was not inspiring by any means. From a Socialist viewpoint it appears as sections of an army undecided where its goal lay and whither it was marching. True, the strains of music enlivened the march at intervals and broke the monotony of the uneven tramp of the marchers. There was an entire absence of that spirit which characterized the eight-hour parades before the workers manacled themselves to a capitalist arbitration court and an industrial disputes act; in short, legalized their own slavery.

Some of the unions were rather unfortunate with their banners, a stiff southerly blowing a number into ribbons. Among them were some beautiful and costly specimens of the decorator's skill. But remorseless nature displayed no regard to either beauty or cost!

However, the time is at no great distance when the craft parade of wage-slaves, with the borrowed plumage and symbols of the master class, will be but one of the many things that belong to an unenlightened past. In the days that are to come the demonstrations of the working class will not be the spiritless march of bodies of men commemorating an "eight hour day," and their own enslavement, but the spirited march of men and women with an object in life, a goal to win—the overthrow of capitalism and the inauguration of Socialism. Instead of demonstrating its loyalty to the system that causes little children to appeal to the mass of sightseers to "Assist our Dads to get a day's work," the Industrial Unionists will demonstrate their hope, strength and determination to put an end to poverty and starvation; and this to the consternation and not the joy of the capitalist working class.

Industrial unionism based on the preamble is the working class organization of the future.—Weekly People.

SECRET SERVICE AT WASHINGTON.

One is apt to "throw physic to the dogs" when the dose comes home. A case in point is the present unpleasantness in congress, due to the discovery that legislators have been subjected to the espionage of the secret service. It is one thing to shadow postal employes and others of the civil service as professional criminals but quite another to keep tab on the law makers. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Those who fondly point to the postal system as an illustration of socialism are stung again. Socialism will need none of these Russian methods to enforce honesty. The present system pays a premium on dishonesty—hence the present trouble and suspicion.

In this crisis between the congress and the chief executive the "Ananias club" and whole brigade of "Nature Fakers" and "undesirable citizens" may be counted on to watch the result. After all is said and done a man may be known by the enemies he makes.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

The workers work. They do all the needed thinking and produce all the things that humanity needs. Once freed from capitalism their work will make possible all that civilized man aspires to.

ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS AND THE HOME.

It should be sufficient to warn anyone against the sincerity of the anti-woman suffrage folks to see them rushing forward to the "defense of the home," and yet have not a word to say against the iniquity of tearing the wife from her household and flinging her into the factory. The ideal of these folksies is a proletariat, alien and disfranchised.

ADVERTISING THE BOYCOTT.

Applying to Judge Wright some of the arguments he applied to Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, the honorable justice should consign himself to jail, and for a term at least twice as long as the combined terms that he sentenced the three men to serve. Judge Wright rang the changes upon the loss to the Bucks Stove and Range company on account of the wide advertisement given to the boycott. The advertisement now given to the boycott by Judge Wright is at least twice as wide. To every ten men who formerly abstained from patronizing the Bucks Stove company's goods, surely twenty-five men will now keep hands off.

Whence come profits? A very important piece of knowledge this to get into the heads of workingmen. Profits are that portion of the production of labor that is withheld by the capitalist. Any workingman can be made to see that he does not begin to get, in wages, value equal to that which he has produced.

Make this plain and you will save the worker from acting as a catspaw for any absurd movement that promises to better his condition by howling about the "extortionate prices" charged for goods.

"Competition is the life of trade." What has become of that old "truism"? Gone where the woodbine twineth. All occasion for its use has disappeared.

Beneficent trustification, or some such phrase, has taken its place. The language, past and present, of capitalism, is eloquent of its development.

Until the working class organize to bring it about, Socialism will remain a beautiful dream, like the New Jerusalem. Capitalism, however, is forcing the necessity of socialism upon the workers. Educate and organize!

The old bridges, economic and political, must be burned behind us. The craft union and the old parties have nothing to offer us, can do nothing for us. They are part and parcel of the system that oppresses us.

Spread the light! Correct political and economic organization will follow.

—H. S. R.

BEASTS AT LARGE

In most parts of the earth the reign of the wild beasts long ago came to an end. In many sections of the world the only beasts remaining are those that walk on two legs. Man, endowed with the genius for making guns and traps and deadfalls, whereby he has been enabled to match cunning against animal strength and fleetness of foot, without endangering himself, has also been endowed with greed and love of power that have resulted in his slaying recklessly. The rifle has fallen into bad hands and big game has needed the protection of the law. During all of these years that men have hunted and fished, the finny tribe has been better able to protect itself than any other. Fish traps and great nets have been wrought destruction of our fish resources, it is true, but fishing has ever been a fairer sport than hunting. It has—until now. Recent advices from Norway, however, indicate that the day of the wary fin has at last come. United States Consul Louis Goldschmidt, stationed at Nantes, France, has just made a report to the government in which he explains a new device for fishing that will doubtless materially increase the output of canned goods. The consul states that use for the telephone in piscatorial pursuits has just been found in Norway. A microphone, the role of which consists in amplifying submarine sounds, is shut up in a thin watertight steel box and kept in constant communication by metallic wires with a telephonic receiver installed in the fishing boat. It is stated with this apparatus the fisherman is always informed of the approach of fish. Moreover, it is said that each kind of fish gives the instrument a peculiar sound. Thus the arrival of herring is signalized by a sort of whistling; the codfish announces its arrival in the neighborhood by a sort of grunting. The next thing we know the disciples of Isaac Walton will be coming home and telling friends about what they heard instead of what they saw or caught on fishing expeditions.

I saw something decidedly clever in a crocheted stock collar with ear mufflers crocheted at the sides. This was made of white silk wool and was hooked at the back of the neck. The side pieces that came up over the ears were tied on top of the head.